# EVGENIA:

## OR

# TRVE NOBILITIES

TRANCE; FOR THE MOST MEMORABLE DEATH, OF THE THRICE NOBLE AND *RELIGIOVS*;

## WILLIAM Lord

RVSSEL, &c.

*Diuided into foure Vigils of the Night.*

By GEO. CHAPMAN.

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Anno Domini, 1614

DO
NOT
COPY

# TO THE MOST WORTHY, AND RELIGIOVSLY NOBLE, FRANCIS, LORD RVSSELL, BARON of Thornehaugh, &c.

*BEcause (my most worthy Lord) worthiest Men, and the due estimations of their worthinesse; were seldome, or never contemporaries; The world having alwaies an Epimetheam, and after wit, for the fit respect of all lasting goodnesse; As a little excitement to their late considerations; I have endeavoured to set these weake watches, by the Memories of your most worthy Lord and Father; Wherein, whatsoever is presently defective in; The Anniuersaries (that for as many yeares as God shall please to giue me life and facultie) I constantly resolue to performe to his Noblest Name and Vertues; shall, I hope be furnisht with supplyes, amendfull, and acceptable. And if the preserv'd Memories of good men, haue beene euer good meanes to informe good men; These Paper memorials that haue euer out-lasted, Brasse, and Marble; And worne out all the barbarous rages, both of sword and fire;*

fire; Reade not to
vaine at thy first
obiects as most
( God willing )
(with his assi
contemplation
my future life
the Commun
ries of his r
your best L
Honor I im
may stand
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and inde

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, superfluous and
e with such irksome
breffeter, nothing
resolution, to what
lly vowed; Religious
es, and setters up of
trust onto I make sham
to the most due memo-
me space, let me beseech
r hath now failed of the
able and infallible love
all worthy supplement;
to your most ingenuous

I euer abide.

The most vnfained vowd Tributarie to
your good LL. vertues, merits,
and familie.

GEO. CHAPMAN.

# Eugenia.

## OR

# True Nobilities Trance, for death

## *of the most religiously noble William* Lord Russell, &c.

## *Inductio.*

*Eugenia*, seeing true Nobleſſe of no price,
Nought noble now, but ſeruile *Auarice*,
Lothing the baſenes, high ſtates euen profeſſe,
And loded with an ominous heauineſſe:
She flew for comfort to her ſiſter *Fame*;
Of whoſe moſt auncient houſe, the braſen frame
In middſt of all the vniuerſe doth ſhine,
Twixt Earth, the Seas, and all thoſe tracts diuine,
That are the Confines of the triple world;
Through whoſe ſtill open gates are ceaſeleſſe hurl'd,
The ſounds of all things, breaking aire in earth;
Where all mens acts are ſeene, each death, and birth.
*Eugenia*, here arriu'd; her ſiſter gaue
All entertainement ſhe could wiſh to haue;
Through all her pallace led her, hand in hand:
Shew'd her chiefe roomes to her, and bad command
The beſt of thoſe chiefe, and would haue her chuſe:
Ech chiefe, had diuers, fit for different vſe,

Eugenia or true Nobleſſe.

The house of Fame.

All with inscriptions of diuine deuise
In euery chambers curious frontispice.
Besides the names of euery famely,
Enobled for effects of Pietie.
Vertue and valour; none that purchase't name,
By any base course toucht at *Fames* house;
Nor those that toucht there, stai'd there, if they lost
The worth first in them, though they kept their bost:
Such vanish like the seas inflated waues,
Ech chase out other, and their fome's their graues.
Amongst the solid then, that there indur'd;
*Eugenia* (euen by subtile fate alur'd)
Chus'd an inscription, that did highly please
Seeing in fine gould grauen, the *Russelides*:
*Fame* prais'd her choice, and said, the name was giuen
By sacred purpose and presage of heauen,
Expressing in the birth, th' Anciquitie
Of that most virtue season'd Famelie,
The word importing an effect of age,
And long-liu'd Labor; proouing the presage,
That foresaw actions, which should *Labors* be,
Wrinckl'd with time, and aged industrie.
She here repos'd, and from the base world gone,
To cheere her earthly desolation,
The Heraulds, and the Registers of fame,
Of life and death, and all things worth the name,
(Th'ingenuous *Muses*) follow'd, and with them
The cheerefull *Graces*: and of each extreame,
The parting vertues: of all which, not one
Would stay, when she, that grac't them all was gone,
Religion flew before, for she being ground
And roote to all acts, noble and renown'd,

The russelides, signifies the house of Fame.

ρυσελιδες Signifies rugosus

Their

Their vaines bleede neuer, but hers, firſt haue vent,
Shee's their plaine forme, and they her ornament
All theſe together now in Fames old houſe,
Which (though of braſſe) is yet moſt ruinouſe,
They ſaw the ſun looke pale, and caſt through aire, *Tempeſtis Prælagia.*
Diſcomfort ſtrange, that could be paine ſo faire,
Heauens bow in dewie vapors, but he left
The greater part vnform'd; the circle cleft,
And like a buls necke ſhortned; no hews ſeene, The water-gal deſtri-bed.
But onely one, and that was watriſh greene:
His heate was chok't vp, as in ouens compreſt
Halfe ſtifeling men; heauens drooping face was dreſt
In gloomy thunderlocks: earth, ſeas, arrai'd
In all preſage of ſtorme: The Bitteurs plaid
And met in flocks; the Herons ſet clamours gone, Beaſts, Foules & Fiſh preſa-ging Tem-peſts.
That rattled vp aires triple Region. Bitteurs.
The Cormorants to drie land did addreſſe, Herons.
And cried away, all foules that vſ'd the ſeas. Cormorant
The wanton Swallow breſt the ſtanding ſprings Swallowes
Met in dull lakes; and flew ſo cloſe, their wings
Shau'd the top waters: Frogs crokt; the Fwart crow Frogs.
Meaſur'd the ſea-ſands, with pace paſſing ſlow, Crowes.
And often ſouc't her ominous beak of blood
Quite ouer head and ſhoulders in the flood,
Still ſcoulding at the Raines ſo ſlow acceſſe: Cranes cald the Naupliades of Nauplius King of Euboraia turne to Graue.
The trumpet throated, the *Naupliades*,
Their clangers threw about, and ſummond vp,
All cloudes to crowne imperious tempeſts cup:
The erring *Dolphin* puft the ſomie maine
Hither and thither, and did vpwards raine:
The Rauen ſat belching out his funerall din, The Dol-phin.
Venting his voice, with ſucking of it in. The Raue.

The Ant. The patient of all labours, the poore Ant
Her egges to caues brought: Molehills proofe did want
To keepe such teares out, as heau'n now would weepe.
The Canker-worme. The hundred-footed Canker-wormes did creepe
The Crab. Thicke on the wet wals. The slow Crab did take
Pibbles into her mouth, and ballas make
Of grauell, for her stay, against the Gales,
Whales. Close clinging to the shore. Sea-Giant whales.
The watrie mountaines darted at the skie.
The Flie. And d(no lesse ominous) the petulant Flie
Bit bitterly for blood, as then most sweete.
The Dog. The louing Dog dig'd earth vp with his feete,
The Asse The Asse (as weather wise) confirm'd these fearcs,
And neuer left shaking his staggie eares.
The Bee. Th'ingenious Bee wrought euer neere her hiue.
The Cloddie Ashes, kept coales long aliue,
And Dead Coales quickn'd; both transparent cleere:
Plumie nations. The Riuers crownd with Swimming feathers were.
Leaues. The Trees greene fleeces flew about the aire
Thistle Downe. And Aged thistles lost their downie haire,
Cattaile would run from out their sheds vndriuen,
Lambes. To th'ample pastures: Lambes were sprightly giuen,
And all in iumpes about the short leas borne:
Rams. Rammes fiercely butted, locking horne in horne.
The storme now neere: those cattell that abroade
Vndriuen ranne from their shelter; vndriuen, trod
Homewards as fast: the large bond Oxen lookt
The Oxe. Oft on the broad Heauen, and the soft aire suckt,
Smelling it in; their reeking nostrils still
Sucking the cleere dew from the Daffadill:
Bow'd to their sides their broad heads, and their haire
Lickt smooth at all parts; lou'd their right side laire:

And

And late in night, did bellow from the ſtall,
As thence the tempeſt would his blaſts exhale.
The Swine, her neuer made bed, ſtow diſplie The Swine
And with her Snowt ſtrow'd euery way her ſtie,
The wolfe hould in her den; Th'infatiate beaſt, The wolfe
Now fearing no man, met him breſt to breſt,
And like a murtherous begger, him allur'd;
Haunting the home-grotes husbandmen manur'd.
Then night her circle clubb'd, and ſhut in day,
Her ſilver ſcruples ſhedding euery way Falling Starres.
And earths poore farthings all the night ſtay abroad Gloworms
As thicke as Heau'n; that now no twinckle ſhowd,
So ſodainſtly plucking in their guilty heads.
And forth the Windes brake, from their ſtriuen beds
That ſtrooke the mountaines ſo, they cri'd quite out,
The Thunder chid; the lightning leapt about;
And cloudes ſo guſht, as *Iris* nere were ſhowne
But in freſh deluge, Heau'n it ſelfe came downe:
Yet all this was not, halfe the ominous ſtate
To lead ſo great and conſequent a fate,
As tooke from vs, this rare religious Lord;
Since his example, euen th'Almighty word
Strengthen'd with men; now Faith ſo faint is growne,
Cold, and feele-feuers of confuſion:
And if we note that true Religion
Crownes all our worth; without which we haue none.
And that her truth is in ſo few expreſt
By life that anſwers, her true loue profeſt.
That verball pleadings onely, make her thought
A word, no Things example that is wrought
Out of her being beleeu'd, and proues to be
Both her, and her diuine ſincerity.

Who can enough grace? or fet magnified
His fame in [illegible]
Forth then: [illegible] Eugenis bled
As it had raign'd blood; and fo feconded,
The watry Cataracts, that feare on feare
Shooke the pleare Caſtle of Fame: and then newes were
Of this Lords death: At which all gaue a ſhrieke
That would haue drowned the tempeſt: it did ſtrike
*Eugenis* ſo: She fell into a traunce
Whoſe deepe deiection, none could reade[illegible]
*Fame* in her [illegible]
Of her loues liuing vertues, as got fire
In froſen death, and he came ſtalking in,
Proclaiming lowd, the victorie of ſinne.
The virtues ſpake, the ſweet ſkill muſes ſung,
The graces held her eies ope, yet her tongue
Denied her function: till at laſt, their crie
Cal'd downe religion, to her extaſie,
Religion deſcribed. Who halfe [illegible]
She had of humaines pitie vnto her heare:
And made her formie, as if tranſformd ſhe were,
Into a leane, [illegible] Graſhopper:
As, ſmall and faintly ſpake ſhe, her ſtrength's loſſe,
Made her goe lame, and leaning on the croſſe,
Stooping, and crooked, and her ioints did cracke,
As all the weight of earth were on her backe:
Her lookes were like the pictures that are made,
To th'optike reaſon; one way like a ſhade,
Another monſter like, and euery way
To paſſers by, and ſuch as made no ſtay,
To view her in a right line, face to face,
She ſeem'd a ſerious trifle; all her grace,

Shew'd

Show'd in her [illegible]; and then
She was the [illegible] and eyes:
All hid in colwebbe [illegible]
Poore country churches, chappels void of eafe
For ſo of worldly ends, men zealous were.
None (hundred handed) would lend ought to her:
Nor had they one, to doe ſo good a deede:
None will doe good Lawe, where there is no neede
All full of ſpiders was her houſe from wracke,
Where ſoules like flies hung, of which, ſome wou'd ſtriue
To breake the net, their bodies yeelding,
Some (all their bodies eate) the ſpiders thighes
Left hanging like the onely wings of flies.
She cheerd *Eugenia*, and would haue her ſpeake,
But ſhe with her late bloodſhed, was ſo weake,
She could not moue a ſound, preſuming then,
That ſhe no more ſhould liue in Noblemen.
Religion ſaid ſhe err'd, where none would come,
And that griefe made her miſſe her way at home,
He had a Sonne, ſo fitting for his place
As left not through it all, the ſlendreſt ſpace:
One that in pietie, and all parts of kinde
His fathers perſon manag'd, and his minde, (vaine,
Op't his death's wound, powr'd freſh iuice through each
Refin'd his age, and made him liue againe.
This ſince Religion whiſper'd in her eare,
(Though with her faint voice) yet it more did cheere
Her daunted powers, then that ſhrill blaſt of Fame,
With which death wak'n, & quicke amongſt them came
Then her ſoules motion, her ſoft phantaſie, &c.
(That ſence in act put, doth create) did plie
Her ſpirits ſo, ſhe felt her ſpeeches powre

He died on a Munday night.

A little retriu'd; euen that a ſigh and teare!
She loſt her lobe: the nimble diſh forerun
The labouring weeke in toile, and ſtrife of bone
Retaines her Surname; vrnes (though ſtill halfe dead)
Her Nobleſſe fore'r her griefe to let her head.
Riſe from her Pillow, and for that night giue
Way to her ſpeech; in which the moth did ſtriue
To iuſtifie the greatneſſe of her griefe
Euen to her trance, that from her tooke her life.

Eugenia.

AND worthely; for who can liue and ſee
A death ſo worth life? t'is impiety
Not to pay griefe, ſo much to vertue gone
As comfort to her dulce fruition:
Thoſe Pores and Paſſes, that our pleaſures lend,
Let in our miſeries, euen in natures end;
Nay where ſhe takes in ioie, at entrie, how
Griefe enters all parts; rules the places due
By health to pleaſure: euery ſlendreſt griefe
From all our greateſt ioies; takes th'edge and life:
Muſt we to pleaſures vow deuotions euer?
Thoſe indigent repletions, that will neuer,
Fill though they burſt? and then leaſt ſatiate are
When Surfet ſerues in their idolatrous Fare?
*Griefes, Sighes*, and Teares, and Exhalations to,
Conſumptions, Traunces; all the bande of woe
We ſhould ſuſteine; ſince loue of euery good
In one all goodneſſe; buies it with his blood,
And you, Religion, whom the world hath pin'd
To whoſe deiections; Spiders are more kinde

Then

Then Wolfe like Hummes; Thole fain'd perueife Bees
That poiſons ſuck from your ſinocfities;
And clothe you only but to make them nefts
And nets to catch them liuings; what now reſts?
For your recomfort, no man liuing now
Will any true care take of me or you.
How then will this poore remnant of your powres
This cut vp quick *Anatomie* of yours,
This *Ghoſt* and ſhadow of you be preſerud?
Good life, that only feedes you, is ſo ſteru'd,
That you muſt periſh; T'is not Noble now
To be religious; T'is for men of vow
Giuen, and (indeede) caſt out from this worlds ſhip
To Whales and Monſters of earth's conetous deepe.
They that get liuings by Religion,
Muſt be religious; And who liues vpon
Any demeanes, that cares not out their heart?
If liuing be the end of life's deſert;
Life future is a dreame; but of a thought;
A Spiders web, that's out of nothing wrought:
A paire of *Tarriers* to the Poets aworke,
And lighter then the ſhadow of a corke:
And then it's all things nothing to a man
Of any reaſon; Like not a ſparke;
All's fiction; all haue writ, beleeu'd, ſuſteyn'd;
Earth and great Heau'ne made, for a Good more fayn'd.
Ambitious Bubbles, holding nought within
But only Gawdes, and properties for ſin;
And doe by no neceſſitie containe
Iudgement, and obiect; life's ioy, ills payne;
Proportionable to our good or ill;
All is an *Animall*, that hath no will

φίλτρα ἐπὶ ἔρωτι
κυφὸν ὑπερον.

To order all his parts, nor no reſpects;
But hath peculiar actions, and effects,
That from the whole doe no excitements take,
Nor his impulſion their prime motion ſhake:
This 'gainſt the common Notions Nature gines
Our rareſt Artiſts vtter in their lines:
Of them, Great men hold, that muſt ignorant be;
Skils ſuperficiall, fit Nobilitie.
By thoſe grade Authors, as the fountaines head
Our Countrie ſtates (the crooked ſtreames) are led
By them, the Rabble; and from hence doth riſe
Their errours maze: Each ſees with others eyes:
Euen Artiſts (borne with the traditionall ſtreame,)
Others of their coate truſt, as others them:
Not knowledge, but opinion, being their Guide;
Not truth, nor loue of Truth; but luſt and pride;
Truth lothes to proſtitute her ſelfe to men
That doe but court, and ſtudie Name and gaine,
And if they doe not only, and paſt all,
Entirely loue her; Shee will neuer fall;
Within a kenning of the deepeſt learn'd;
Nay, leaſt of all, ſhee is by them diſcern'd;
For, they preſuming on meere termes, tongues, fame,
Much reading (which are noblеſt inſtruments t'inflame
Her quenchles fire;) But ſhee being fill'd in calme
And her lampe nouriſht, with ſo rich a Balme,
As at the heartie, will, loue; Thought, takes fire,
That ſeeke her firſt, and laſt; all baſe deſire
Of name, gold, honor, counted clay to her;
Yet nought the ſlower come; if men prefer
Her to the firſt place; and with ſuch delight
And ſuch a ſacred rage of Appetite;

That

That ſweeteſt ſins to her, more bitter be,
Then *Rubarb*, or the drugs of *Thaſſalie*:
Without which Teſts, to trie her perfect gold,
All tongues flie vp in fume.) All ſuch as hold
Their skils of thoſe Lordes, haue to Truth no right;
But are with Tempeſts rauiſht from her ſight.
A rout of things they know, but know them ill;
Which Truthes loue, and Good-lifes want, argue ſtill.
Wiſe men, and Juſt they are, that only know
All duties that to Men and God we owe:
Such was at all parts our moſt Noble friend,
Both place, and practiſe from his Birth t' his end,
Renowming him, with all things fit to be
The Preſidents of all Nobilitie.
His Birth and Noble breeding, who needes ſhow?
Me thinkes euen the *Antipodes* ſhould know,
Noble, and Pietie paſſe, where nought hath paſt,
And as they pierſt paſt all things, ſtick in faſt.
How farre his worth they carried (when the arts
Had laid their ground-worke) into forreigne parts,
*France*, and infectious *Italie*, can tell;
Through which he yet made way; and never fell
(In *Antick* affectation of their guiſes,
Nor (for their owne ends) impious deuices,)
From the Religious Integritie
His Birth, and admiration did implie
In his vnchang'd powrs; But did arme the more
His ſolid vertues; and their ſleights abhore.
Cold *Rhenus*, and *Danubius* ſtreames he paſt
Through *Hungarie*, and *Germanie* the vaſt;
In queſt of action; and the diſcipline
Of brightly armes; In which, with grace diuine

*Pęſimum ... multarum ... rum perdit... quiſita mal... ęqłvque ... Sinam. C... Plat. Alcib. 2.*

His goodly Perſon ſhone; And in his frooke
Sparkles from ſteele, that fierce wrath-fier tooke.
In *Belgia*, The Nurce and Schoole of Warre,
Through Sieges, Battailes, he made circulare
His militarie skill; where, our great Queene
(That with her little Kingdome, awd the ſpleene
Of *Spaine*, and *France*; And with her mightie hand
Made euen that moſt diuided Kingdome ſtand,)
Gaue him her Empires pledge for his Command;
And, in her owne Dominions, a Crowne
Set on his Temples; in the high Renowne
Of that full Gouernement, his vertues ſwaide;
Which, wood-houſle, wilde Rebellion obaide.
Thus, as a Riuer, that the more his force
Runs from his fount, takes vertue of his courſe,
And growes more great and ſtrong ſtill; Nor doth ſtay,
Till it mixe ſtreames with his Great Sire, the Sea;
So, till he match his greateſt Ancetor,
He neuer ceaſt to amplifie his ſtore.
His Fathers parts, all Fathers dues indu'd,
As he did, all Sonnes offices include
Of the good Earle of *Bedford*, the Sire gainde
The ſurname; and the Good, the Sonne maintaynde.
Heauen, in them Both, the *Graces* gifts emploide;
What they conſum'd, encreaſt; What gaue, enioyd.
The vſe; not the poſſeſſion of things
Commends their worth, and their encreaſes ſprings,
And that vſe muſt haue Influence from his ground
Religion; with which, all his Arts were crownd.
Nor could a man, diſtinguiſh twixt his deedes,
And ſaid; This Art, from Fortitude proceedes,
This from Humanitie; This from Continence.

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But

But each, from all the vertues influence
Had their compoſure; proving the decree
The Stoiques made; and we may iuſtifie;
Each action, that a wiſe man makes his fruit,
He doth with all the vertues execute.
Some one, the ground-worke laying; All the reſt
Flow in as fellowes, with their intereſt.
What man, not imitating him, can be
Noble, or pious, in the beſt degree?
Religion ſeaſons all Nobilitie.
Take that euen from the Greateſt; you ſhall ſee
How lanck he ſhowes in his felicitie;
For his Incharitie, he winnes no loue:
For his Faiths want, to him none faithfull proue:
For his felt ill, he cannot hope for good,
But feare ſtrikes euery ſhadow through his blood.
What ſuch men want, content with pieties ſhade,
With that, and her heart, was this Lord, all-made.
In Noble being, and making good his place,
Stooping for height, to nothing that was baſe.
Nobles example haue, and Gentrie may
Affect no Nobles, met with, in that way.
Ignobles (if his worth he will appay,)
May, (though moſt baſe) outreach Nobilitie.
Obſerue then, after all his high'ſt command
How equall, and vnchangeable a hand
He bore in thought of it, with things moſt low,
For that he might to all example ſhow:
He made not height his end, nor happineſſe here,
But, as more high, more good he might appere,
(Height ſimply, holding no good, much leſſe all)
He willingly from all his tops did fall,

*Quicquid agit, ſapiens, omnibus virtutibus agit.*

Faith,
Hope,
Charitie,
the ſumme
of Religion.

And, for Retreat, a Perſonage made his home;
Where, (neare the Church) he nearer God, did come;
Each weeke day doing his deuotion
With ſome few Beads-folke; To whom, ſtill was ſhowne
His ſecret *Bedfords* hand; Nor would he ſtay
The Needle asking; but preuent their way
And goe to them, t'enquire, how they could liue,
And, to auoid, euen thanks, where he did giue;
He would their hardly-nourisht liues ſupply
With ſhew of lending; yet, (That induſtrie
Might not in them be leſned, to relieue
Their ſtates themſelues,) He would haue ſome one giue
His word for the repayment; which (ſweet Lord)
He neuer tooke; nor askt a thankefull word.
And therein, truly imitated God,
Who giues vs Lawes to keepe; The Period
Of whoſe iniunction, points not at his good;
But, knowing, that when they are vnderſtood,
Their vnderſtanding, by obſeruing prou'd,
Would make vs ſee; that in that Circle mou'd
Our taught felicitie; Nor can we ad
With all our obſeruations; what may glad
His ſtill at full ſtate, in the beſt degree,
Other then this; That as Philoſophie
Saies there is euermore proportion
Betwixt the knowing part, and what is knowne
So joynd, that both, are abſolutely one;
So when we know God, in things here below,
And truly keepe th'abſtracted good we know;
(God being all goodneſſe) which with him combine,
And therein ſhew, the all in all, doth ſhine:
This briefly, for the life of my bleſt loue,

*Oportet eſſe Analogiam inter potentiam cognoſcentem, & hoc quod cognoſcitur, &c. Intellectus, in ipſa intelligibilia tranſit. Col. ex Ariſt.*

Which

Which now combinde is, with the life above;
His death (to name which, I abhor to line,)
O ſiſter, doe you, with your trump admire.
As fame addreſt to this; The morning came
And burn'd vp all things ſacred, with her flame.
When now ſome Night-birds of the day began
To call, and crie, and gibbet, Man to Man;
Swolne fordges puft abroad their windie Ice,
Aire, Earth, and water turnd, and all to Fire;
And in their ſtriſe for Chymicall events
Made tranſmutation of the Elements.
They blew, and Hammers beat, and every noiſe
Was emptying tumult, out of men, and boies.
Burſting the aire with it; and deafning *Th'Eare:*
The black fumes of whoſe breaths did all beſmeare
And choake the *Muſes*, and ſuch rude Clouds reare,
As all the World, a Dyers furnace were.
Gainſt which, Fames Gueſts, their dores & windows cloſde;
As their poore labours were in earth oppoſde.

*Explicit Vigilia Prima.*

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# *Vigiliæ Secundæ.*

## Inductio.

*NOw to the Neſtfull woods, the Broode of Flight*
*Had on their black wings brought, the zealous Night,*
*When Fames friends, op't the windowes they ſhut in,*
*To barre Daies worldly light; and Mens rude Din.*

In

*In Tumults raiſd about their fierce affairs,*
*That deafen heauen to their diſtreſted prairs,*
*With all the vertues ; Graue Religion*
*That ſlept with them all day, to ope begun*
*Her Eares, and red Eyes ; hearing euery way*
*The clocks, and knells of Cities, and the Bay*
*Of Countrie Dogs, that watch mens daily Carck,*
*And after them, all night, at ſhadowes barke.*
*Though all Fames brazen Gates, and windowes ſtoode*
*Ope day and night, yet had her tendered broode*
*Cloſe in their priuate chambers, their owne faſhion,*
*Silence, and Night, doe beſt fit Contemplation.*
*And as Fame ſaid of old, that peacefull night*
*The Gods chiefe day was, ſince their chiefe delight*
*In fixt calmie ſtead ; Themſelues in quiet ſtill,*
*Earths cares to purſue, to ſhade their high hill ;*
*So theſe poore labourers for the ſecond life*
*(Diuine powres imitating) all their ſtrife.*
*Spend for hereafter, and therefore thriue*
*This vantage yet ; Theſe haue of men aliue,*
*(Theſe liuing dead to this life,) That no they*
*Studying this world in chiefe, on this world prey*
*When they haue praid ; more then theſe fed with praiers ;*
*So theſe that ſtudie here, to be heauens heyrs.*
*(Vertue and skill purſuing, in chiefe end)*
*More thriftie therein are ; and their odes ſpend*
*More chearfully ; and finde Truth more with eaſe ;*
*For theſe are in the way : The couetous Preaſe*
*Of Truths Profeſſors, (in by-waies perplext)*
*March like thoſe marginall Notes that ſpoile the Text.*
*Theſe thirſting Fames report of this Lords death,*
*The curious Dame, that weighs and looks vp breath,*

Men of true knowledge, vertue, and religion, (which are figured in the *Muſes*, vertues, &c.) make their chiefe gaine, in prouiding for the ſecond life ; and therefore thriue not in this ; ſo much as falſe and worldly Profeſſors. Nor can thoſe men therefore thriue ſo much in true knowledge, and pietie.

*For mad inſpir'd words (as God doth know our thoughts*
*That nothing elſe of good know, may claime to thoughts)*
*Addreſs her to be exalted to his words*
*which (though not many) yet may teach all Lords;*
*And neither ſtrange, nor eloquent, nor new,*
*Doctrine that teacheth ſcoles, or ſenſes, or bils,*
*A good man dying, vtters Oracles.*
*And now was Fame, aduanc't paſt ſight vpon*
*A hill of braſſe, that ſerue the ſunne enſhone;*
*Day, and night ſhining; neuer going downe:*
*Her browes encompaſt, with a triple crowne.*
*Each of't with Iewels, enchaced paſt mens lines:*
*Her trumpet then ſhe ſounded, that reuiues*
*Men long ſince buried: to whoſe clanges ſing*
*All the afflicted virtues, conquering*
*All their afflicters, her triumphe br auer bare*
*The arts (for armes) of all mens worth before;*
*Diſparag'd worthes, ſhew'd there, the perfect things;*
*And beggers worthy arts were blaſt with kings:*
*Deſert findes meanes to vtter: Fame to holde*
*Both arts, and words, moſt ſecret, and moſt olde:*
*Nor doe they euer their exiſtence leaue*
*Nor any ſhut their virtues lone, doe vs.*
*Fame hauing ſummond fit attention:*
*And all her gueſts into expectance blowne:*
*Like the morne's trumpet when day is neere inflam'd,* The Cock.
*She clapt her golden wings, and thus proclaimd.*

*Vigilia ſecunda.*

WHen by diuine preſage, this god-like Lord
Felt health decline: and knew ſhe gaue the word,

Fames report of the Lord Ruſſell dying.

Through all his powrs; to make a ground, for death,
Frends belchfell (fleighing ſtill what followeth)
Nobly perſwaded (as themſelues would be
Toucht with the like effects of maladie,
That his conceipt of weakeneſſe was too ſtrong.
He askt them, why they wiſht him to prolong
His needefull reſolution to die;
As if t'were fit to feare felicitie,
Or that he doubted it; And all the chere
The hearty Scriptures did inuite to, were
Serud vp in painted diſhes; and to make
(Onely for faſhion) ſicke men, ſit, and take,
And ſeeme to eate to; though but as their banes,
Onely to die accounted Chriſtians.
Hungry, to heauens feaſt come, and cheerefully
Eate what you wiſh; Ile teach ye all to die:
If ye beleeue, expreſſe it in your liues
That beſt appeare in death; gainſt whom who ſtriues
Would, faithleſſe, and moſt reaſonleſſe denie
All lawes of Nature, and Neceſſitie.
No fraile thing, ſimply is; No Fleſh nor blood
Pertakes with Eſſence; All the flitting flood
Of natures mortall; Birth and death doe toſſe
Vpwards and downewards, euer at a loſſe;
Humaine Births euer are, and neuer ſtay,
Still in mutation; we die euery day:
Ridiculous are we then, in one death flying,
That dead ſo often are; and euer dying.
Ye feare your owne ſhades; they are fooles that make
Deaths forme ſo ougelie, and remembrance take
Of their diſſoluing by ſo foule a ſight,
When death preſents the faire of heauenly light.

Who would not did reſiſt, Nature and Neceſſitie.

*Qui mutatur, dum non eſt; & dum non eſt, ne quidem Pl.*

The ghoſtly forme, that in this world we leaue.
When death diſſolues vs; wiſe men ſhould conceiue
Showes well, what life is; farre from figuring death:
Am I this trun che? It is my painted ſheath:
As braue young men, thinke they are, what they weare;
So theſe, encourage men, with what they feare.
Make death an Angell, ſtaling of a heauen
And croune him with the Aſteriſme of ſeauen;
To ſhow he is the death of deadly ſinnes:
A rich ſpring make his Robe, ſince he begins
Our endleſſe Summer: let his ſhoulders ſpring
Both the ſweete Cupids, for his either wing,
Since loue, and ioy in death, to heauen vs bring:
Hang on the Iuorie Brawne of his right arme,
A bunch of goulden keis; his left a ſwarme
Of thriftie Bees, in token we haue done
The yeare, our lifes toile, and our fruites haue ſhone
In hoonnie of our good workes, labord here:
Before his flaming boſome, let him weare
A ſhining Chriſtall; ſince through him we ſee
The louely forms of our felicitie.
His thighes make, both the heauen-ſupporting Poles,
Since he ſuſtaines heauen, ſtoring it, with ſoules.
His left hand, let a plenties horne extend:
His right, a booke to contemplate our end:
This forme, conceaue death beares, ſince truely this
In his effects, informes vs, what he is.
Who, in life, flies not, ſo inheritance giuen?
And, why not then, in death, t'inherit heauen?
Wraſtlers for games, know they ſhall neuer be,
(Till their ſtrife end, and they haue victorie)
Cround with their garlands, nor receiue their game,

Death diſc
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And in our heauens ſtrife, know not we the ſame?
Why ſtriue we; not being certaine to obtaine
If we doe conquer? and becauſe we gaine
Conqueſt in faith, why faint we? ſince therein
We loſe both ſtrife, and conqueſt? who will winne
Muſt loſe in this ſtrife; in deaths eaſie liſts
Who yelds, ſubdues, be's conqueſtil, that reſiſts.
Each morning, ſetting forth to your affaires,
Theſe things commend ye, to our God in praiers:
Direct me, God, in all this daies expence
As thy neceſſitie of prouidence
Thinks fit for me: what euer way you leade
And point out for me; I will gladly dread;
So being, thy ſonne, and pious; ſticke, and goe
Compeld as ſlaue, and my impietie flow.
And how moſt wretchedly ſhall thoſe that beare
Authority, and ſwimme in riches here,
(Reſiſting death for them) be forc't in feare
To goe with him; when all they can oppoſe,
The inſolent, and impotently loſe?
None of thoſe men, that moſt ſpent oile and blood,
With ſtudie for ioies fulleſt taſt in good
In this life, euer could their longings fill,
Their reaſons ſtrayning through their bodies ſtil
Watriſh and troubl'd; as through clouds and miſts;
And wreſtler like, ruſht euer on their liſts;
Too ſtreight; and choak't; with preſſe to comprehend
The ſtrugling contemplation of their end.
He that with God did wreſtle, all in night;
Figurd our ſtrife with truth here, for his light;
Which ſeene, through death, being but a touch with thigh
Bleſſing both vs and our poſteritie.

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Who would not wish death? touching feare to die
For my eſtates diſpoſure (whate'ere it be
Heauie on ſome mens hearts) my ſtrong hope is
My ſonne will make, my diſpoſition, his:
Acquiting me of any cauſe to feare.
And (ſonne) what of my conſtant hopes you heare
Make ſpurs to prone; that what I hope, you are,
I ſhall laue ſomething worthy of your care:
Nor waſt, nor labor the encreaſe too much,
Nor left your pleaſure in their vſe be ſuch,
As at their waſt, their too much ioy may breede:
For you muſt ſuffer, the ſame naturall neede
Of parting from them, that you now beholde
Makes all my ioy in them, ſo deadly colde.
Let nothing ſeeme to you ſo full of merit,
As may inflame you with the greater ſpirit,
Nor no aduerſe chance, ſtoope their height haire,
But in the height and depth of ech affaire,
Beſtill the ſame, and hold your owne entire,
Like heauen, in cloudes, or fineſt gould, in fire.
To riſe and fall, for water is, and winde:
A man, all Center is, all ſtay, all minde,
The bodie onely, made her inſtrument:
And to her ends, in all, fit muſt conſent,
Without which order, all this life hath none,
But breeds the other lifes confuſion.
Reſpect to things without vs, hinder this
In ward conſent of our ſoules facultries.
Things outward therefore, thinke no further yours
Then they yeelde homage, to your inward powers,
In their obedience to your reaſons vſe,
Which for their order, deitie did infuſe.

The Lord Ruſſell, to you now moſt worthy Lord, his Sonne.

For when the hadpiest outside man, on earth
Weighs all his hap's to other, finds a dearth
He shall finde in their plenty, every way,
That if with solid iudgement he survay
Their goodliest presence, he will one thought call
Of God, and a good conscience worth it all.
Nor doth th'imagin'd good, of ill so please
As that the best, and sweetest Images
Faind to himselfe thereof: he can make end
In any true ioy, but doe euer tend
To ioy, and greene at once: what most doth please
Ends in sence bodilie, or minder disease.
Why then should ill, be chuld by policie,
When no where, he can finde vacuitie
Of cares, or labors? no where rests content
With his meere selfe? at no time findes vrbent,
No, nor, vndrawne, euen compasse, his rackt minde,
His bloody arrowes to, in euery kinde
Tugg'd to the head, and ceaselesse shot away,
At flying obiects, that make flight their stay?
Horde gould, heape honors vp, build towers to heauen,
Get Capps, and knees, make your obseruance euen
With and aboue Gods (as most great ones doe)
Vnlesse you settle, your affections so,
And to insatiate appetite impose
A glutted end, your selfe, from feares, and woes
Manfully freeing, as to men that pine
And burne with feuers, you fill cups of wine,
The cholerique, bonie gibe, and fulsome meate
On sicke men force, that at the daintiest sweate.
Who yet, their hurtfull tempers turnd to good,
Milde spirits generate, and gentle blood,

With

With reſtitution of their naturall beauty.
Euen cheeſe and water crudities they will eate
With taſt enought to fat make but ſtrong youthes ſtomacke,
With her fit rule, and cures of humbleſt kinde
You taſt with height of pleaſure, turning all
Perticular to the pleaſure generall.
Learne to loue truely, good, and honeſt things,
And you ſhall finde there, wealth, and honors ſprings
Enabling you a priuate path to treade,
As well as life, in preaſe of Empire leade.
Thoſe deedes become, one glorious Noble boſt,
That doe moſt good, and pinch his greatneſſe leſt,
That ſore not high, nor yet their feathers pull;
Neuer ſuperfluous, euer yet ſo full,
That to eternall ends, in chiefe aſpire,
And nothing fit, without themſelues require.
But theſe are neuer taught, till they be lou'd,
And we muſt teach their loue to, both being mou'd
With one impulſion, and a thirdeo theſe
(Which is good life) doth from one doctrine riſe.
Liberall, and ſeruile, we may teach all arts
Whoſe whole ſome cut, into ſixhundred parts,
Which I admire, ſince th'art of good life lies
By none profeſt, and goodneſs fames that riſe
From that arts doctrine, are as rarely ſeene
As Centaures, or ſicilian Giants beene.
For Gods loue and good life yet, as too true
We proue, our bodies, meanes haue to imbue
Their powers with carnall loue; will any ſay
That God doth not as powerfull meanes conuay
For his works loue, into it as doth man
Into the body? the ſoule neuer can

The ſoule (which is God's only infuſion) hath as much meanes to inflame her proper forme, as the body the loue belonging to it.

In no propriety, leaues her command:
Life loues not death, nor death immortality:
Nor the shie darkenesse, light, nor darkenesse day claime:
If she then (by Gods grace) vnto God be mine:
May she not melting claime by his liberall word
(That promiseth his mercie will afford
His loue to all that loue him) to obtaine
That which the fondest theefe did, and hould the chaine
Of his infusion, that let downe from heauen
Can draw vp, euen the earth? the flesh is geuen
A liuer that fastens loue, and hath not she
In all her powre, one Christ-like Faculte
To be her liuer, to informe his loue?
In all chiefe parts, that in the great world moue
Propertion and similitude, haue place,
With this our little world. The great worlds face
Inserted Starres hath, as lucifluent eies:
The sunne, doth with the heart analogise.
And through the world, his heate and light disperse.
As doth the heart through mans small vniuerse:
The two vast lineaments, the sea and earth
Are to the world, as to a humaine birth
The ventricle, and bladder, and the Moone,
Being interpos'd, betwixt the Earth, and Sunne:
Is as the liuer, plac't betwixt the heart
And ventricle: if these then we conuert
To a resemblance, with our bodies powres:
Shall not our bodies Queene, this soule of ours,
For her vse finde, as seruiceable parts
In her commaund, with vse of all her Arts?
All which are liuers to inflame desire:
And Eagles eyes to take in three forck't fire,

*Humani Artus Regis efficatu diuino Reflorescentis prefiguratio.*

*Analogia Mundi & Corporis Principium partium*

(That

(That doth the dazeling [illegible])
T'inflame her loue thereof; [illegible]
Her selfe, bigger than [illegible]; And the Queene of Kings,
That of our Kings King, beares beneath her wings
The dreadfull Thunder, the Almightie word;
All which (called fiction) with fore Truth accord.
But if men envy, bouch all ours (else but this
Art of good life; (those all their subiect is,
And obiect to in this life; And for which
Both Earth and Heauen, so faire are and so rich;
Yet this must yeelde vnto Faith and discipline,
Reason, and stay: and only fortune shine
In her composure,) O want wise mens eyes
To see in what sports all their learning lyes?
Not such as learne more, but vs vnderstand
Are chiefly blameful. Good life takes her light
From her owne flame: He that will teach an art,
Must first performe the liuelie obe leading part.
Who kindles fire without fire? He that striues
Without his owne good life, to forme good liues;
Motions, that all the sacred Booke affords
But Conjurations makes, with holy words;
That of the Tempter sauour, more then God:
Temptations; Not perswasions bringe diuine;
With Tempests, thinks to conjure quick, deuout ones,
Torments, not Comforts, sick, and dying Soules.
And as the winder, all met at woodfall fires Simil.
Kindl'd in Cities, stuffe with all their Ires
Their puft-vp cheekes; Tosse flames from house to house;
And neuer leaue till their drie Rage Carouse
A whole Townes life-blood, in a generall flame;
Yet Tapers, Torches, all the lights then frame

The soule, Mythologi is the Eag which is f to beare th thunder v her wings; T lightning, (which is led Typhoeus figuring th glorious facre Trinicie) in eyes. The word, incom ded by the Thunder; which diuin Scripture o Gods voice.

For needefull vſe, put dimſh by ſome;
So, at the conflagration, that the poore
Of proude, and couetous ſtates, both ſo enrag'd,
In Gods deare Citie; Tempeſts ſtill engag'd
In ſpleenefull controuerſies, daily riſe;
Cheekes euer puft with hollow pleaſes,
The wilde flames feeding, yet extinguiſh quite,
Of needfull good life; both the heat and light.
Gods loue, that both in flames, giuen all offence,
And heauens chaſte Kingdome ſuffering violence.
Which they incenſe, and plie with barbarties,
To point at it; and ſhew men where it is.
When he, his ſparkling forehead euer ſhowes
Where peace is crowned, and where no vapour blowes;
Where patience, milde humilitie, and loue;
Faith, and good workes, with doue-like paces moue
Vnder the ſhadow of his ſtarrie wings;
Proue all they owe him; Not with words, but things.
Contention, cleane puts our zeales quite ſtrine:
Truths doctrine rather ſhould be taught with ſhame,
Then ſuch proude honors, as her manners change:
Contempt, and pouertie, her battailes range;
Plaine, ſimple life, more propagate her birth,
Then all the policie, and pompe of earth.
There is a ſweet in good life, that muſt goe
Arme in arme with it, which men ſhould teach to.
The end that ſhould in euery Teacher meet,
With his beginning; is to make good, ſweet:
*Docere, vt homines ſint ſuauis; Lac.*
Who with meere arte, and place, good life doth plie;
Attempts with pride to teach humilitie.
Humilitie, Truths ſole; and ſupple Spirit
That workes, and ſeaſons all men borne s'inherit.

The

The Kingdome, ourwhile blest flowes my foot now
Is gladly fixt; Let that then ſeaſon you;
It makes, and crownes true Nobles, and commends.
Euen to felicitie, our births, and ends.
Now threw the buſie day, through humorous blood
Her ſenſuall ſtings, and ſtrooke the heart from good.
Things outward, with the Mother of their Grace,
(The gawdie light) things inward quite out-face,
To this Pied worlds, ſuffere, and wolnish care,
All things meere trifles ſeeme, but thoſe that are.
*Eugenia*, that from ſame might comfort take,
Let Trance ſtill ſhut her eyes, and would not wake.
But heard all ſpeech, like this worlds counſaile cares:
As if ſhee heard not, and betwixt her eares.
Twixt life, and death, ſhee lay ſtill; This ſowre ſweet
That pietie miniſters, doth neuer meet
With fit ſecretion, and refining here:
Being like hard fruit, wholeſome taſte ends the yeere.
The moſt enforcing bare Relation
Of pious offices, is held but faſhion:
Proude fleſh, holds out, her cuſtomarie will,
And yeelds, reſiſting; Moues without a will
To comforts promiſt, and no bond but faith
For the performance, and her faretie death.
And this, euen in the weede *Eugenia* wore,
Of humane fleſh, cleft like the ſhirt of gore
That figurde this lifes, Offall for the graue
And makes the Nobleſt that indues it, raue.

The Mour

Alluding o
Medea; of
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*Explicit Vigilia Secunda.*

## Vigilium Veneris.

### Introduction.

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*By this the Rebell of ſcatter'd ſeeds*
*(The dampe of ſome fenn vaniſh'd in a cloud)*
*Felt leaue the light, and with the Sunne had dropt*
*Her ſilent Baldrick on, and their ſeuing ſhapes*
Minerua's *Bird, with ſtaid eye, as he drew*
*His weary heads home. Sleepe on wing'd Silence flew*
*Off from their Flights, and about Mars mole*
*Plaid buzz. The Beetle, that blind Labour hates*
*In gathering Muſh, hid vp his hornes, his weiſe*
*With his Ir'ate wings, his myſt-miſſed paſſe*
*And, with his knottie hum'ming, grew the Dore*
*Of Death to Men, as all their labours ſaw.*
*The golden Bat, and Iuſtice-haiting Moule*
*His moiſt Myne ſtaid, ſcraping from his ſnout*
*And made crooke*
*To ſhew in what paths, worldlings*
*All theſe, The Euening only, with their wonne,*
*And thus employ it, as memento dayes horas.*
*Abroade the ſtate of the miſerable ſad Abbroade of Peace*
*To greete* Eugenia; *whoſe Tenure ſtill did ſeaſe*
*Her griefe racke Powrs, which ſince her Sonne did make*
*Iuſt ioy * to her; Religion would not make*
*In midſt of all her ſable Obſequie,*
Eugenia *corſelike. The deſpiſed they,*
*(The Muſes, Graces, Vertues, Poeſie*
*But then arriu'd there) in the Pauement by*
*Sate round: Religion (as of that rich Ring*
*The precious ſtone) did th'ends together bring.*

by Smith

of

*Of their Celestiall circle: All so glad*
*As they her Starres were; and (as those embraste.*
*All them, wisht Fame, to giue her Trumpe the rest,*
*(Euen to the deaths word) of the liuing blest.*
*Fame (like the Lyon-frighting Bird, so there*
*Proude to report parts, that so sacred were,)*
*Her Rosie Throte stretcht, and did thus extend*
*To his last motion, his preceding end.*

*Vigilia Tertia.*

STill looking, neuer stooping to his death,
Like some great Combatant, that though giuen breath,
Yet eyes his Foe still; No glance cast aside,
To giue aduantage of a touch vnspied;
So, those twice seuen daies, that his lifes Foe gaue
His sicknes breath (though in his sight, his graue
Gaspt for his dutie, in deaths instant deede)
He neuer lay, nor wore a sickly weede.
If Death of him got; He of Death, got more;
And fortified himselfe still with the store
The sacred Morgazine yeelded: Where he found
Weapons that grew; and made each word a wound,
Of which he gaue his ghastly Enimie one
To be his Trophey when the fight was done.
Which was a frailtie in him that would faine
Haue proued a fainting; But who growes againe
Vp to his strength, is stronger far then hee,
Whose forces neuer felt infirmitie.
He chusde his Funerall Text, that shewd him strooke
With some distraction; yet the forme he tooke
From the most learn'd Apostle; cheard him so
That deaths aduantage, prou'd his ouerthrow.

Simil.
Fame of t
Lord Ang
death.
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day from h
first daies
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much as a
night cap.
The Scrip
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he gaue D
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The Text
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*Courtier an*
*& duobus, e*

The

The Prophet that was rauisht quick to heauen,
And neuer fought with Death; Nor thoſe foule ſeuen
His vgly Miniſters, in that extreme,
Triumphs in ſo rich a Diademe,
As he in heauen weares. The more wreſtling here
(The Garland won) the more our price is there.
But in our worldly ends, ſo fraile we are,
That we the Garland giue to euery care
That doth aſſaile vs; each particular miſſe,
Of that for which the body carefull is;
Our other plenties, proning meerly wants,
And all that the celeſtiall prouidence plants
Still in our reach; is to our vſe deſpiſde:
And, only what we can not compaſſe priſde.
When this fault ſence proues true, as Reaſon ſaies;
Why let we Senſe ſtill interpoſe delaies
To our true Reaſons comforts? Ruling ſo
That either we muſt rage ſtill in our woe,
Or beare it with ſo falſe a patience,
As ſhowes no more our eaſe then our offence;
Expreſt in grudging at our penance ſtill:
Our grudging ſhowne, in our no more curb'd will,
To our moſt iuſt Impoſers; then to leaue
Moodie, and muddie, our apt powrs to grieue:
Not, that we may not beare a ſuffering ſhow
In our afflictions, weighing gravely how
We may diſpoſe them to our beſt amends;
But, not take ſo much ſorrow as tranſcends
Our healths; or ſhewes, we let griefe further goe,
Then our Content, that God will haue it ſo;
Remayning in ſuch plight; as if we thought
That this our phiſique of affliction wrought

More paincfully, then with a healthfull neede;
When our all-skil'd Phiſition doth proceede
So ſtrictly in his obiect of our eaſe,
(So he may mend vs to and ſoundly pleaſe)
That not a ſcruple, nor the ſlendreſt graine
Of any Corſiue, ſhall rack our paine
Paſt his full point of our moſt needfull cure;
Weight, meaſure, number, all Gods workes aſſure.
Which, not becauſe infallible Scripture ſaies,
We only may beleeue (though that cauſe weies
More then enough to ſtrengthen any Faith:)
But God to euery ſound beliefe commaith.
A Regular knowledge; to informe vs how
We may ſuſtaine his burthens, though we bow
Vnder their ſad weight; which when once we proue;
It will annexe to our beliefe ſuch loue,
That (as the Sunne, miſts) quite ſhall cleare our care,
And make our generall peace ſo circulare;
That Faith and Hope, at either end ſhall pull
And make it come: Round as the Moone at full.
And this, doe many know, though (as t'is ſaid
By that moſt comfortable Truth, our head,
After his Prophet) with the arte of th'eare;
Yet, nothing vnderſtanding yee ſhall heare;
Yee, looking on; ſhall ſee, and not perceiue,
As often our diuerted thoughts bereaue
The vſe of both thoſe ſenſes, though we be
In reach of ſights, and ſounds; and heare and ſee:
For as the eye diſcernes not black from white, Simil.
Colour, from ſound; till with a noble light
The ſoule caſts on it, it is made deſcrie;
So, till the ſoules blanck Intellectuall eye

The

The worlds foule ſtate[illegible]
And her Rac't table [illegible]; it ſhewes
Blanck to all Notions that [illegible] how
To make our cares with in comforts grow:
Our fainting, in the free reach of our faith,
And, in our lifes fixt peace, all [illegible] of death.
Which true light to this Lords ſoule, shining came
And fixt him Rock-like, till his Faith did flame.
His conflict paſt, he to the comfort went,
That makes thoſe Thornes, Crowtes; The bleſt *Sacrament*,
Of which, The powerfull conſecrated bread;
(That cheares the liuing, and reuiues the dead,
Receiued, with feare, and faith; that one yoke beare;
Feare, that awes Faith; and Faith that conquers feare,)
Aſſum'd by him: This with the he did giue
Of what he tooke: I conſtantly beleiue;
That as I take, hold, and by grace ſhall eate
This ſacred bread; So that bleſt that did ſweat
Water and bloud, in my deare Saiuours ſide;
I ſhall in this bread, all exhibitified,
In my Eternall ſalfedes full effect,
Take, hold, and eate, as his moſt ſure Elect.
To this effect; Effectually the Wine,
(Turnd the true bloud, of the eternall Vine
His moſt lou'd Saiuour,) Then, as freſh in powre
As in the very inſtant of that howre,
In which 'twas ſhed for him; he did beleiue
To his ſalvation; he did then receiue,
Thus held he combat, till his lateſt day,
Walking, and after; Conquerd, as he lay,
Spake to his lateſt howre; And when no more
He could by ſpeach impart, th'amazing ſtore

Of

Of his affect[illegible]
His [illegible]
Of his [illegible]
When both his [illegible]
Of his exhaustless [illegible]
And cast [illegible]
Thus his most christian combat did conclude,
He conquering most, when most he was subdude.
Yet, not to leave him here; his funerall
Deserues in part, to be obserued of all.
In which, his sonne; his owne kinde zealous spirit
Did with his honors, and his lands inherit;
Whose pious nature, paying manly teares,
(Which stony ioies stopps; in most other heires)
To his departure: whose attending close
(Through dust, and heate) the bore in repose;
Next Euen, and the whole way to his house:
Whose there, fresh dewing with kinde Balmes his tombe;
Whose liberall hand, to nere two thousand pore;
Whose laying vp, as his most prised store
His fathers life-bought counsailes; all, as nought
I will not touch her: None gives these a thought;
But how his teares led others; all the Plaine
Flowing with such brine; seasoning parts humane
Offerd to pietie, which kinde, dead so, now
Yet here so plenteous; me thinks should not show
Lesse then a wonder; and may argue well
That from some sacred fount, these riuers fell:
O why wept, mans great Patterne for his friend,
But these affections, gravely to commend?
But these things now are nothing; the proud Morne
Now on her typtoes, view'd this stuffe, which shorne.

For all that
wants of fa
[illegible]
iustration to
this most r
gious and w
thy Lord; f
ferre the re
der to the
learned and
godly
of Mr. W
made at his
[illegible]
ne[illegible]

The Morni

Scripture examples; parts of [illegible] kinde;
The most vprightly [illegible]
Like winner [illegible] ; that lose portend
Wrestlers [illegible], to all such they commend;
All things inuerted are; nowght troubles the night
But what may well make blush the blackest night.

*Explicit Vigilia Tertia.*

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# *Vigilia Quarta & vltima.*

## Inductio.

The Euening. *THe taſt of all tastes is ſocietie*
*The ſicke world felt a little ſatiſſie:*
*The gueſts laid, and the Taſte-feaſtfull dance,*
*Put on, and left there, by the Call of dance.*
*Vulcan guls houſes, th'Eleutherian feaſt*
*Of all the libertals: now paid Rites to reſt.*
*Songs, Hypocrisies, all the cares of day*
*Tumults, and quarrels, turn'd to peace and play*
*Repreſent alſo, that the Chymiſts part*
*Plaies in her paſtimes, how turn'd with her Art*
*This Iron world into the gouldē age,*
*Earths antient worthies, ſeeming on her ſtage:*
*Where thoſe ſweete ſiſterne that taſt no crabbed lacks*
*Hang thicke, with all their bounte on their backs,*
*Imbrac't with muſicke, and the pride of wit:*
*Silence which moue in ſolemne ſtate doth ſit*
*In that faire concourſe, with all Aſters wont,*

*Then*

*Then where Blub Lone ſtrooke, ſtill ſeeke with moiſt,*
*And where mine Heralds could not crowne her peace,*
*One Prologue here, puts on her wreath with eaſe.*
*Loue ioies began to burne; and all diſtreſſe*
*To giue the thriftleſſe euening ſacrifice.*
*Then went the muſes, virtues, graces all*
*The Herſe, and Tombe, the trauaile to aſſiſt vpon*
*Of this moſt endleſſe noble Lord theirſ,*
*And to his ſoules ioy, and his bodies reſt*
*A Hymne addreſſed, which to the Trumpe of Fame,*
*Poore Poeſie ſung; Her euery ſeuerall ſtanze*
*(Th'ingenuous Muſes) ringing out, the Chore;*
*Fame ſounded; Poeſie, ſung the part before:*

*Hymnus ad D. Ruſſelium defunctum.*

Riſing and ſetting, let the ſunne — Poeſ.
Grace whom we honor;
And euer at her full, the Moone
Aſſume vpon her,
The ſeruice his *Nobleſſe* did put on;
In whoſe Orb, all the vertues ſhone,
With beames decreaſing neuer;
Till faith, in her firme Rocke repoſde;
Religion, his lifes Circle cloſd,
And opened life for euer.
Earth, ſeas, the Aire, and Heauen, O heare — Muſ. Chor.
Theſe Rites of ours, that euery yeare,
We vow thy Herſe,
And breath the flames of ſoules entire,
Thrice Het, with heauens creating fire,
In deathleſſe verſe.

[illegible]

Russell, Lord [illegible]
Thy name [illegible]
Directed by the eye of [illegible]
That never slumbers, [illegible]
May all Heavens Quire of Angels sing,
And glorifie in thee, their King!
That death with dumb [illegible]
While we strike Barbs [illegible]
And Crowne thee with a [illegible]
Whose verdure still [illegible]
Earth, Seas, the Aire, and Heaven, O heare,
These Rites of ours, that every yeare
We vow his Herse;
And breath the flames of soules entire,
Thrice hot, with heavens creating fire
In deathles verse.

3.

Euer O euer may this Eue
That we keepe holy,
Thy name encreasing honors giue,
That serue it solely,
And second with diuine encrease
Thy progenies religious peace,
Zeales Altars euer smoking;
And their true Pieties encice
With full draughts of celestiall light.
Thy vertues still invoking,
Earth, Seas, the Aire, and Heaven O heare
These Rites of ours, that every yeare
We vow his Herse, &c.

Requests

Requests that [illegible]
Great Giver giu[illegible]
Vnluſt moodes; make them [illegible]
And here, our lines burn.
Directly let their zealous praiers
Her euen ope in their bleſt affaires.
And of their Nobleſt Father;
Enable them to fill the Place;
And euery one; proofes of his Race
From his Example gather.
Earth, Seas, the Aire and Heauen, O heare
Theſe ri[illegible]es of opra that euery yeare
We vow his Herſe, &c.

Muſ. Cho.

5

Honors, that vertues keepe in height
With fires deceaſed;
All know, make vp their Comforts weight,
And them more bleſſed.
And therefore in thus wiſhing thine,
We wiſh the more, thy worth may ſhine,
Great Grace of all men Noble;
From whoſe life, faith, and zeale did flow,
In whoſe death, they ſhall freſhly grow,
And thy bleſt Race redouble.
Earth, Seas, the Aire, and Heauen, &c.

Poeſ.

Muſ. Cho.

6

Monſters, for Nobles, let the Earth,
Bring forth to brand her;
And their Adulterate Beaſtly Birth
At ſwindge command her.
Yet ſlaues made to their Luſts, and Hell

Poeſ.

They ſhall but heare like Giants ſcoffe,
And breathe but [illegible]er
To beate them vnder their owne Hills,
Their ſweetes turnd Torments, their Goods, ils,
Thy Race, their Enuies wonder.
Earth, Seas, the Aire, &c.

Cho.

7

Exult, and triumph then in all
Thy thoughts intended,
Which heauen did into Ioies exhall
For thee, aſcended.
If not a haire, Much leſſe a thought
Shall *loſſe* claime, of what Goodneſſe ought,
But ſhine in heauen together;
Whoſe ioies (to truely-ſtudied ſoules)
Shall ſhine euen here, like aſhe-kept Coles,
Laid open gainſt the weather.
Earth, Seas, the Aire, &c.

8

Knowledge, not faſhiond here to feele
Heauens promiſt pleaſure;
In lifes ſea, is a turnd vp Keele
With all her Treaſure:
Not One, return'd from Death, to tell
The Ioies of Heauen, the paines of Hell,
Can add to that relation;
Which (poſſible impulſions vſ'd
The Soule knowes here: and ſpirits infuſ'd,
Farre paſt her firſt creation.
Cho. Earth, Seas, the Aire, &c.

9

Infuſe this into his deare kinde,

Truths

Truth's free vnfolder:
With Fire that first informd this mindes,
Now nothing couldes.
For which the Thrice Almighty One:
The *Spirit*, Sire, and *word* still done:
Praise giue, that gifts transcendeth.
Despisd soules, Comfort with thy loue:
In whom, with thy first motion moue,
Till in fixt truth it endeth:
Earth, Seas, the Aire, and Heauen, O heare, Mus, Cho.
These Rites of ours, that euery yeare,
We vow thy Herse:
And breath the flames of soules intire,
Thrice het with heauens creating Fire,
In deathlesse verse,
*Explicit Hymnus.*

WIth this, *Eugenia*, from her Trance arose Peror.
And in her loues assur'd ioies did repose,
Her Noble Sorrowes, being assur'd with al
That no effect did memorably fall,
From his Renown'd Example, but was found
In his true Sonne, and would in him resound.
Then left she straight Fames loftie region:
Stoop't Earth, and vowd to dwell with him, or None,
Whom since the Muses, Vertues, Graces now,
Of force must follow (sweete Lord) be not you
Careless of them, that she esteemd so deare:
For howsoeuer they to Earth appeare,
Where in their Truth they are, and are not prisd,
In them, is true Religion despisd.
Remember your Religious Father then,
And after him: Be you the man of men.

To

To these, the Night, [illegible]
Was every [illegible]
Care-crost-in Cares, [illegible]
Now [illegible] fooles, [illegible]
All Ostentare, but brauery, [illegible]
Nought now abhorst no villanie [illegible]
Crafts, and Deceipts enriche, [illegible]
Which Artists seeing, Rich apparell [illegible]
And bore out Art, Light's [illegible]
And show for Light [illegible]
Most rich in show be, for their [illegible]
And neuer swagger, but in sacred Fashion.
Looke blanche on good life: and [illegible]
Hether is richest, [illegible]
In Night Men dreame: Day best shewes what is [illegible]
Learning was made for Gaine, Not Gaine, for it.
Now be [illegible]
And [illegible]

*Explicit Eugenio Ecclesis*
*Adsis quod Fronidis.*

FINIS.